

I think I'm paranoid. Garbage. 160799.

It's 3AM. I think. I've

been having terrifying nightmares. I haven't remembered a nightmare since I was a child. The 'plot' of these nightmares is so complex and unrelated to my life that it scares me even more.

I just went down to the coke machine and I was hearing noises & felt really funny. And that's not me. I'm

Mr. Corbree remember? Who am I scared of?

What am I scared of? I don't know, and that's what frightens me the most.

That we don't know. Anything.

I'm frightened about my mental health.

I am terrified to go back to sleep. I wish I could say 'that's silly' but I can't.

I am basically in a room of strangers, except from
• I am not overreacting to these dreams. They were so incredibly real that when I woke up I got a shock that I

could awaken from such vivid reality. Perceived reality obviously, but still.

I don't know which I'm more scared of - outside the motel room or inside.

I really don't think I can go back to sleep. Am I being paranoid? Hell

my mother fucked me up. Jesus, I was okay till an hour ago. A

series of intricate dreams in an hour.

It gets scarier. What do we know about dreams? When you think about it, how the hell can we dream if we're asleep? What is sleep? We're told all this stuff but we know nothing.

And I am scared. I'm guessing you're beginning to think I'm insane. I at least wish I could believe that. Maybe this will pass. I don't know. I'm tired. What do I do? Do you Freddy's loving for you... shit.

Wednesday 14th arrived in San Diego, met Shane
offers, went to mall, had Cesar salad. And fun.
Back to hotel for some awkward silence and bottled
thoughts and pain as she sang Jonathan.

Thursday 15th was okay. We talked a little
and walked a little. I felt more. Then the
offers arrived and later we went to the theatre
to see American Pie and bus stuff incl. my bikes.
She's beautiful. That night I have nightmares and
can't sleep.

Friday morning I can't stop watching her. I
want her so much it hurts. This afternoon my
side changes as she gently persuades me to admit how I
feel. She says "I'm in a great relationship but I
can't stop thinking about you". Po w! I'm
breathless, electrified. We spend some time that day
touching hands and hugging and talking. ^{pritt store!} The way to
Mishk was great, listening to all the fitting songs

on Laura's tape. Little favor was heaven. Truly.
The music, the chirps, the atmosphere. Shane and
I kissed for the first time during Dixie Chicks. I
bought the cd. Later, we were together for the
entire South Atlantic set, snuggling and touching and
kissing and talking. Indescribably beautiful moments.
That night we touched quietly in the motel
~~room~~

Saturday: The Pritt store again! Plus
some time alone in the motel room, and then a
beautiful evening in the beach town of Newport, Cal.
Just being together. Moving, seeing her and feeling so
much. Got the T-shirt and cap - photo. Later
kisses to be desired at Laura's - watching Go!
The Breakfast Club. That night he cried again at
her inspiring departure the next day. She said she loved me
- couldn't leave. I couldn't let her go. He decided
I'd stay till Wednesday to see how I felt and then travel
to NY or Fresno, as my heart decreed, but next
day at the bus stop as hears shook my body, I

Sunday 18th

realised I couldn't stay alone that long. I

sacrificed hundreds of Dollars and 2 weeks in NY
by deciding to stay with her, to this hope with
her.

Monday 19th

Laps talk about a cult. I hope today finally work
things out with my mother. She said she trusts me.
I should do what I want. She just wants me home safe.

Thursday 22nd 19th We go to Peabody to see
muppets from space - Auta Pocus 2. Another
perfect day - despite some sadness. I contact
enough of her

Tuesday 20th

Feet and hands. Her family. Talking.

Getting even closer? Finalising travel arrangements. Laughing.

Having fun. She says I'm perfect! Irresistible!

Me back! Cute! I... She's just so wonderful. I

do love her. Fuck New York - this is it.

My reason for being, what makes it all

worthwhile. The culmination of this week at home
was Sunday night. Her laughter and crying... I love.